

## Chewing the Fat:

# with Lisa

*A meaty mastication with the mercurial maven about her “off-and-on” relationships with her weight, her writing, and subversive feederism.*

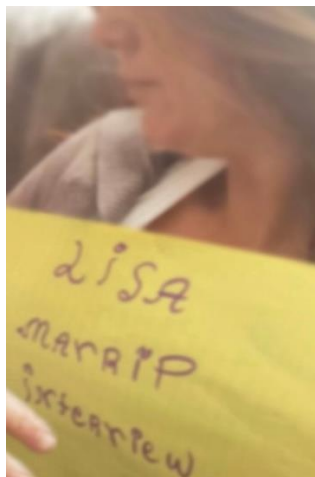
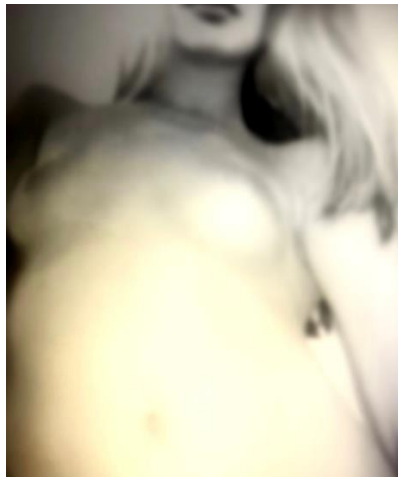
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2023 marks the 20th Anniversary of my second weight-gain story, “[The Wicked Stepfather: Revisited](#).” I know what you’re thinking: “Maverick, didn’t we just commemorate the 25th Anniversary of your FIRST weight-gain story a couple years ago?” Why yes, dear reader, we did. I wrote my first story, “[The Lesson](#),” in 1996 and my second, “[The Wicked Stepfather: Revisited](#)” in 2003.

Not exactly prolific, was I?

Truthfully, I figured I was one-and-done as a fetish author after “[The Lesson](#),” and might have been if not for the lovely lady featured in this edition of *Chewing the Fat*. You see, Lisa is the author of “[Step Dad](#),” one of the first weight-gain stories I discovered back in the mid-90s on the long defunct feeder.com. Of the dozens of stories archived, it was the only one I dared print on the communal printer in my college’s computer lab. (This was before ‘net surfers worried about the cache and cookies left in their wake.) It was worth the risk, as it was the most perversely erotic thing I’d ever read. Discovering the site itself had blown me away—I couldn’t believe there was a community of folks like me who were aroused by fat and weight-gain—but that particular story’s unrepentant depravity pushed buttons I didn’t even know I had, and alerted me to members of our fetish’s family whom shared even my darkest compulsions.

However, it wasn’t until years later that someone on Dimensions enlightened me that “[Step Dad](#)” wasn’t penned by a sexual soul brother from another mother...but by a twisted sister from another mister! I was gobsmacked! I had assumed such a sordid story of female domination could only have come from the mind of a man.



By that point, both feeder.com and the story were long gone...save for my memories and my old LaserJet copy. I had flirted with rewriting it for years (a lack of editing, formatting, and spellcheck made it a difficult read), but discovering that a woman had authored the original provided impetus beyond my own edification. The story suddenly became more than just titillating fap-fodder, but a challenge to my conceptions of feederism and the erroneous assumptions of the fetish's critics. It reminds us that in our yin-yang world the desire to be dominated can be just as strong as the desire to dominate.

By far the best part about completing my rewrite; however, is that it eventually led me to its original author...or should I say it led her to me. Lisa first messaged me, circa 2008, through foreverchanging.com (now [www.thechangingmirror.com](http://www.thechangingmirror.com)) and we have corresponded, off and on, ever since. She is delightful (as you will see) and I'm proud to call her a friend...though I'm certain had we met at a different time and under different circumstances we would have been so much more! That said, it's probably for the best we didn't, as it likely would have been too much of a good thing! As you will learn from our lengthy sit-down, Lisa's passions could be intense and all-consuming. Fortunately, she didn't spare any details of these youthful dalliances...and even allowed me to share several photos from this precociously plump period (cropped and blurred for discretion).

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**Mavrip:** You're a bit younger than I am, but we both realized our compulsions long before there was easy Internet access to fetishy websites like this one. Did "Step Dad" come about the same way "The Lesson" (my first story) did for me—as a means of sexual release in the absence of other sufficiently titillating material?

**Lisa:** It came from a desire to explore this fetish that exploded within me around fourteen or fifteen. There was very little online in the way of weight-gaining material, especially in the way that I really find exciting. A gainer who is willing or unwitting at first then gradually grows unable to resist and is eventually forced to get fatter without their consent. It's extremely taboo, but erotic in my world.

**Mavrip:** How old were you when you wrote it?

**Lisa:** Between 16 and 17.

**Mavrip:** Sara, the stepdaughter, is presented as the perfect girl: smart, athletic, charming and beautiful. Not to insinuate you thought you were perfect, but as someone who's been fortunate to get to know you over the past 15 years, I've learned that you embody many of Sara's characteristics. Am I correct in assuming she represents you in the story? Or is there a comeuppance angle I'm missing?

**Lisa:** In a very loose sense, Sara represents me. I played soccer and was in decent shape as a teenager, but this desire inside me was just so unexplainable. I tried to ignore it. I couldn't understand why the hell I was getting aroused at the thought of gaining massive amounts of weight. It felt so wrong and I had no outlet for it. As you know, finding stuff online back then was a chore, so writing the story was a way for me to explore this intense desire building inside me since I was about 14. It took me probably a year to write. From junior to senior year in High School.

**Mavrip:** What about Steve, the predatory stepfather? Was there a real-life component to his character or situation?

**Lisa:** No. He was completely made up. No guy in my life represented Steve. It wasn't the guy that turned me on, it was the weight gain. The situation.

**Mavrip:** What compelled you to eventually post the story online?

**Lisa:** Feeder.com was a fun site and stories were becoming more common there. I lurked around the edges of it for quite a while. I'm not a great writer or speller and, back then, little software existed for checking spelling and grammar without shelling out decent money. So, I retyped it online and submitted it realizing I wasn't alone. Other people felt as I did, or wanted to be with someone that felt like I did. Not being so alone with these feelings is freeing in some sense.

**Mavrip:** I was big on reversing the before-and-after images in diet ads. What pre-Internet means did you employ to satisfy your weight-gain urges?

**Lisa:** There were two Looney Tunes cartoons I used to watch. One where Daffy Duck gets fat while the Thanksgiving Turkey loses all the weight. I found that so exciting as one is working out and losing weight the other is just eating laying around getting fat. Definitely so arousing for me to imagine being the one fattening up.

But the one that I recorded and watched over and over was "Chow Hound." The one where the dog got so fat at the end it couldn't stop the cat and mouse from force-feeding it. Oh my God, did that light such a fire inside me! Fantasizing that was me fat and helpless. Force-fed because I got too fat to stop it. I rewatched that over and over and over. It helped get me through many boring nights (laughs)!

**Mavrip:** Wow! You're bringing back memories. I loved how, in both cases, the characters in those cartoons were done in by their gluttony. If I remember correctly, the farmer switched to duck for Thanksgiving dinner once he saw how fat Daffy had gotten! So dark! Of course, not as dark as "Chow Hound." It's been forty years since I've seen it, but I still remember the way the cat—who was abused and berated by the chow hound all episode—gets his funnel-fed revenge. "This time, I didn't forget the gravy!" Savage!

**Lisa:** Yes, watching Daffy get fatter and fatter while the turkey desperately tries to lose weight and, all the while, Daffy is eating all his food and getting rounder, lazier, and fatter. Then, when the day comes, it's too late for him to do anything about it. He's cooked...literally! The fact that it was self-inflicted is what makes it so dark and exciting.

As for chow hound, it's such a turn-on to imagine being in that situation. Arms and legs too fat and weak to move. A tremendous belly holding me down. Pinning me, making me completely helpless as my tormentor laughs at how fat and helpless I've become. How I've allowed gluttony to take over. As the tube fills with ultra-fattening weight-gain shakes, all I can do is regret how fat I let myself get and how there's nothing I can do to stop it now.

**Mavrip:** What else did you do to get through those lean teenage times?

**Lisa:** I did a little clothes stuffing and sometimes I would overeat and stick my belly out. I didn't do it often and wasn't chubby at all, but being seventeen and purposely doing that was incredibly embarrassing but such a turn-on. Looking at fat women would also give me some enjoyment imagining their weight on me. Mostly, I tried to keep it bottled up knowing if anyone found out I would die. Having such an embarrassing fetish inside me was hard to come to terms with.

**Mavrip:** Did your fantasies of gaining weight ever cross over into reality?

**Lisa:** They did. My ex-husband and I experimented with playing into our fantasies, but they did not match at all. He was not into chubby/fat figures, and I was not into opening our marriage up. But we both agreed to explore those fantasies.

**Mavrip:** Can you share some of the circumstances and results?

**Lisa:** At one time in my life, I played into an extreme submissive-gaining fantasy after meeting an online friend who was also into it. We both were attached and had no interest in ever meeting—neither of our spouses were into the fetish—but we chatted for months. When you meet someone who fully understands your arousal it can turn a spark into a raging fire. So, I started eating while we chatted, which led me to overeat while we chatted which we both enjoyed a lot. As a result, I started putting on some weight. That really lit my fantasy on fire. I started at about 130 pounds, but after a few months was up to 150.

Our circumstances and understanding was this was never to be more than something online a few evenings a week, but we shared a connection and I wanted to submit to this raging excitement we'd found. To complicate things we both had kids. I had two young boys. When I was pregnant, I loved the figure I developed—I had a big belly but my breasts stayed small, but it didn't light my proverbial fantasy fire because I was carrying a child. Not a ball of fat. This time, however, my belly was growing from fat, from intentionally overeating, and the fire inside me was raging. I was turning into a fat mom. I eventually hit 175 and gained about 50 pounds—mostly from our online stuffing sessions. I would stuff myself to the point of pain. A good pain though. Donuts, cookies, cakes...We really got into a feeder/feedee relationship.

**Mavrip:** What happened next?

**Lisa:** Around this time, my husband and I started having issues, as he was not into my gaining weight at all. This is when things took a really weird turn.

**Mavrip:** How so?

**Lisa:** Our sexual relationship was OK but boring. We both wanted more so we dove into our fantasies. Alcohol helped (laughs). To his credit, he wasn't grossed out that I wanted to gain weight, but it just wasn't his kink. Still, he offered to help me live out my weight gain submission desire if I allowed him to open our marriage so he could indulge in his own fantasies. As you can imagine, that was an extremely difficult conversation and time.

**Mavrip:** What did you decide?

**Lisa:** After mulling it over for a few weeks, I decided, yes, I want to experience this fully. We made ground rules of how it would work. He would buy me all the snacks I wanted and would even feed me sometimes. To experience the more extreme elements of my fantasy I moved into our basement full-time. It was a fully finished apartment, so it wasn't anything like a dungeon or anything, but it had no way out but the stairs going up. That helped play into my submission fantasy. We told the kids I had to stay out of the sun as much as possible and they stayed with our parents quite often. We decided my husband couldn't bring anyone home while the kids were there and I wouldn't go upstairs at all unless it was for the kids. He had free reign to play out his fantasies while I played out mine.

As crazy as it sounds, and I know it does, I got so turned on stuffing myself in the basement while he was out dating thin girls. It was so taboo. I really started putting on weight since I was eating all the time and wasn't going out at all.

**Mavrip:** Wow! How did your kids react to mommy getting fat in the basement?

**Lisa:** The kids adjusted easy. It was like a playroom downstairs. They never knew anything more than I needed to stay downstairs for a while.

**Mavrip:** What about you and your husband?

**Lisa:** My husband and I adjusted ok. We were both getting what we wanted. My jealousy was subdued completely by my desire to be submissive and gain weight. At that time, I was in my late 20s and living out my fantasy—laying on the couch eating fattening foods, and watching “Chow Hound” (laughs). Oh my God, I was so fucking aroused and so excited to live it.

**Mavrip:** Did you continue your relationship with your online feeder?

**Lisa:** For a while. Our online chats pushed me more and I really got into our friendship and felt safe telling him things going on between my husband and I. However, I don't think he really understood it though. He started to feel like I was being abused and nothing could have been further from the truth.

Unfortunately, he started getting nervous for me and probably felt guilty about his own marriage and family and started backing off. And obviously, I was in a situation that was very difficult to control. Our online relationship was dying and I was finding myself feeling bitter as I went into this expecting emotional support. We probably grew too close when it was understood from the beginning that our relationship was only ever to be online. One day, I was told it had to end and our online chats stopped. I was left alone in my situation. Bitter hardly describes how I felt, but I also understood. It was becoming too much and he had to back off for his family's sake.

**Mavrip:** I'm sorry. That had to have been difficult. How did things work out with your husband? You mentioned he was your ex-husband so I assume your arrangement proved untenable?

**Lisa:** My husband was enjoying his freedom. He was pretty picky about who he was dating and none of them knew about me for a time. Things were going good. I got to around 225 after about 8 months of living this way. Then my husband met someone who was aware of the fetish. I came up in one of the conversations they had and she wanted to meet me. I had severe reservations about it, but as supporting as my husband was being—he worked full time, I wasn't working—it was hard to deny him. So, we met in my basement apartment.

**Mavrip:** Uh-oh. That sounds dangerous. How did it go?

**Lisa:** She was very nice and extremely inquisitive. Alcohol, again, helped smooth things over! She understood what I was feeling. She had sort of a dominating personality. She wasn't into weight gain but understood my desire to gain weight and be submissive. She wanted to be included. That was hard for me. I had to open up to a stranger. There was nothing sexual between us, no one was ever naked, but she would bring me snacks and at times feed me a little. The strangest time came when she wanted to tie me to the chair and feed me. That really pushed my comfort zone. It played into my submission fantasy completely, but I'm not a lesbian, I don't find that exciting, so my arousal was lessened. But, again, I wasn't working and was getting to live out an extreme fantasy I always wanted/needed to try.

**Mavrip:** How did it end?

**Lisa:** I won't deny the extreme arousal I had from living it out, but nagging issues kept coming up. My kids, how my "mom status" was suffering, and how I'd let the situation get way out of hand. Living in the basement and keeping inactive increased my libido by 1,000-fold. Reversing that was not easy. I had gotten really out of shape and topped out just over 300 lbs at my heaviest.

But my husband and I had really good talks and, again to his credit, it never turned nasty. We both agreed that we didn't make a good couple and decided to divorce. We did it amicably, with no fighting, and agreed to share the kids and keep our experimentation between us. I lost most of the weight and met my now-husband a few years later. We live healthy lifestyles and I'm currently around 145 pounds.

**Mavrip:** You had an amazing, up-and-down journey over a short period of time. Any regrets?

**Lisa:** I don't look back on this experience with any regret. Under different circumstances, I could easily be 800 pounds right now. The feedee demoness certainly still lives inside me. Over the years, I forgave my online friend. We never met nor will we and I only wish him the best. Life is full of experiences. Some good, some not so good. Overall this was a good one.

**Mavrip:** Our lives and circumstances evolve with maturity, but our turn-ons remain ingrained. What do you do to satisfy your urges nowadays?

**Lisa:** I've mostly left the scene. Being in my 40s and happily married, this is now just a small enjoyment. I like some of the artists. Of course, your work is fantastic and very similar to my interests. The art coming out now with computer AI is also fantastic. Imagining myself with a super huge belly holding me down and making me helpless and vulnerable still sends shivers down my spine.

**Mavrip:** The universe of online weight-gain fiction has proliferated tremendously since those early days. Are there any weight-gain stories you've encountered over the years that hit the mark particularly well for you?

**Lisa:** I don't read many anymore. I did like the Grandma series where the grandmother fattened up the Granddaughter to keep her in line (*Editor's Note: "[Grandma's Cooking](#)"*). I like slow to moderate weight gain stories. I also love realistic revenge or blackmail stories. Or, like I said, stories that start out consenting, but the gainer can't stop once they get past a certain point. I don't like magic or super fast

“gain 500 pounds in a month stories.” A realistic gain is enjoyable along with the gradual changes that go with it. And, yes, your stories hit the mark quite well for me!

**Mavrip:** Might we expect to see any more weight-gain stories of your own in the future?

**Lisa:** Probably. I’m actually writing one now. When an illustrated series strikes me sometimes I want to write a story about it. The big belly/smallish chest dichotomy always hits my arousal hardest.

**Mavrip:** What is it about the big belly/small chest dynamic that you find so arousing?

**Lisa:** For me, it’s the [ruination factor](#) you’ve talked about. You cannot hide that type of figure. It’s so against the norm of what is desirous. I’m not talking about pregnancy. That’s different. I mean gaining a truly fat jiggly belly while staying small on top. Most guys aren’t attracted to that. As a teenager, when peer pressure was extreme, the thought of ruining my thin athletic body was so arousing. I wanted a ridiculous figure. Something like 34-55-40. I wanted to be knocked down several notches socially, athletically, and beauty-wise. I wanted to hear other girls make fun of me and how big my gut was versus my boobs. It was all so exciting!

**Mavrip:** When I composed my “revisitation” of your story in 2003, I didn’t know who you were or where to find you. I don’t think feeder.com credited you by name and the site and your story were long gone by that time. Fortunately, I’d saved a copy, and, even more thankfully, you eventually found my rewrite and reached out. How did you discover it?

**Lisa:** By 2008, the internet was a treasure trove of weight gaining material. I joined DeviantArt and was just looking around and came across your little place.

**Mavrip:** What were your initial impressions?

**Lisa:** I enjoyed it! Definitely darker than mine as I did have it all as a dream inside a long coma.

**Mavrip:** In both versions, Sara’s perfect life fades away with her fatness. In addition to losing her beauty and fitness, she loses her friends, her mother, her freedom, and, eventually, her life. Although the last few lines of your original reveal it all to have been a coma-induced dream, it doesn’t make it any less brutal while you’re reading it. Had the original version come from the mind of a man, people outside our fetish, and even some within, might accuse them of being a misogynistic sociopath, but it was written by a teenage girl. Beyond her weight gain, what was it about Sara’s ruination that turned you on?

**Lisa:** How the weight gain forces you to submit. Slowly at first, but as more weight piles on, becoming more and more out of shape, the ability to defend yourself gets more difficult. The idea of losing my looks compared to other girls my age, becoming inferior as they become superior as the weight keeps piling on. For me, it’s an extreme submission fantasy. Not popular in today’s culture it seems at all. Being slowly engulfed in fat while other girls would laugh at me. It was so incredibly arousing for me to fantasize about it.

**Mavrip:** As dark and disturbing as “The Wicked Stepfather: Revisited” is, you’d think its appeal would be niche, but it’s easily my second most “favorited” story on DeviantArt (behind “[Jean Therapy](#)”). Why do you suppose that is? Are people pervier than they’d care to admit?

**Lisa:** Without question. So many people pretend to be morally correct. Many of the outraged people harbor secret desires they wouldn't want to be known. Fantasy should never have limits. It's fantasy. If I don't like your fantasy, I move on, but I want to read the dark stuff. I want to enjoy how deep it can go. And if fantasy turns into reality, as long as two consenting adults are doing it, who cares? Your moral outrage stops at your door.

